



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

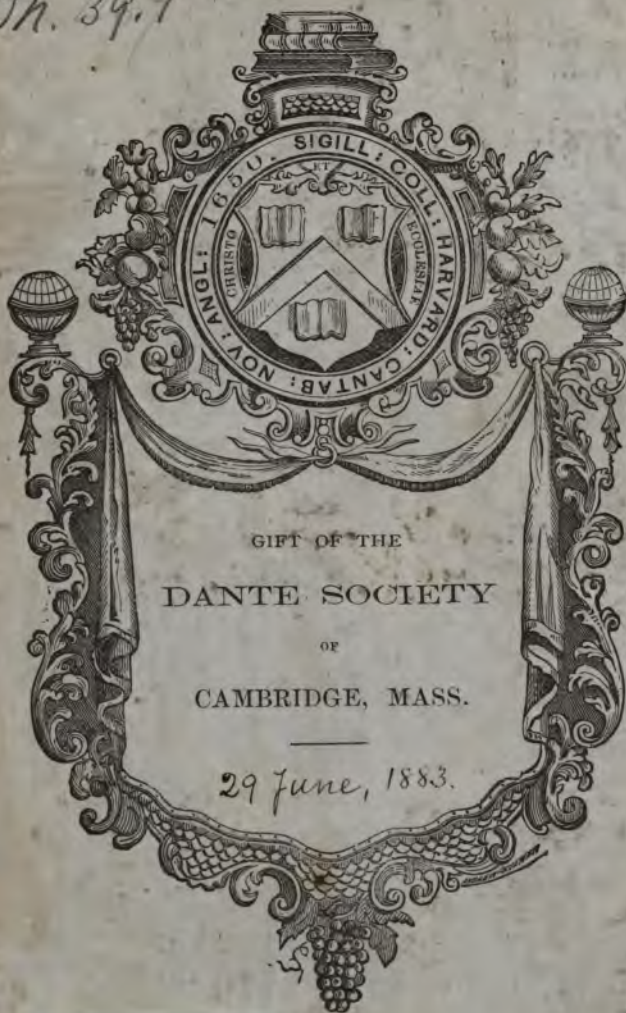
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Ms. 39.1





THE INFERNO.

6

THE INFERNO
OF
DANTE ALIGHIERI.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, WITH NOTES,

BY

ERNEST RIDSDALE ELLABY, M.A.,

FELLOW OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND OF LINCOLN'S
INN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

~~~~~  
CANTOS I-X.  
~~~~~

v

o

LONDON :

BICKERS AND SON, 1, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

1874.

Dn. 39.1

JUN 29 1883

Dante Lund.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. WILFRED HEAD, PLOUGH COURT, FETTER LANE.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY, EARL GREY, K.G.,

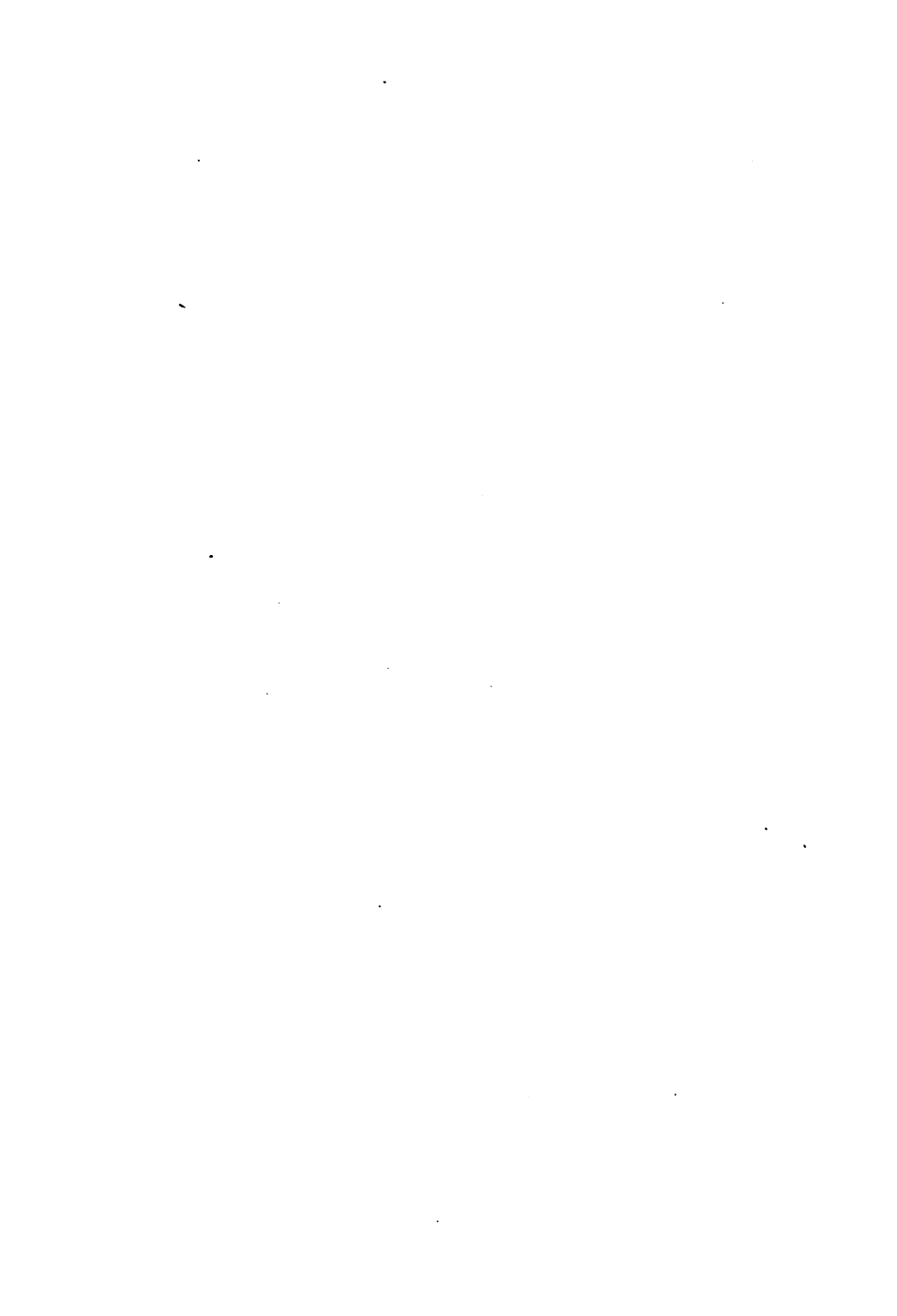
&c., &c..

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED WITH RESPECT

BY

THE TRANSLATOR.



Corrigenda.

Page 23, v. 103.—

For “The Holy One of Heaven—the earth
And human kind—”

Read—“The dread Lord of heaven and earth—
The human race—”

Page 54, v. 2.—*For* “turret’s” *read*—“tower’s.”

Page 58, v. 98.—

For “Restored my safety, and hast led
My steps thro’”

Read—“Restored my failing strength and brought
Me forth from”

Page 59, v. 112.—

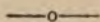
For “I could not hear the words, &c.

Read—“I could not hear his parley ; but he stood
Not long with them in conference before
They all ran back pell-mell within the walls.”

Page 68, v. 6.—*For* “longing wish” *read*—“deep desires.”



P R E F A C E.



THE first three Cantos of the following Translation are— with the exception of a very few lines, in which weak rhymes have been discarded—executed in the ‘terza rima.’ In translating the lists of names in the fourth Canto, I found that it would be impossible to preserve this metre without deviating from the original to an extent which it seemed to me would involve a greater evil than the sacrifice of the rhyme. I was thus led to inquire whether the maintenance of an unbroken series of final rhymes was really as indispensable as I had previously supposed. The fact that the most richly harmonious specimens of English poetry are to be found—as I think will generally be admitted—not in any of our rhyming poets, but in the blank verse of Milton, would seem to indicate that rhyme is of secondary importance in poetical composition. The musical effect of verse, whether rhymed or unrhymed, is, in fact, produced by the harmonious disposition of *all* its con-

stituent sounds. These considerations suggested to me the method of versification employed in the later Cantos, in which I have endeavoured, by varying the harmony in imitation of the more ornate passages in the *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, by retaining the movement in triplets, and connecting the triplets by means either of a final rhyme or half-rhyme or of some internal harmony, to combine something of the freedom of Miltonic verse with the two most essential characteristics of the Italian metre, viz., the separation of the triplets, and their connection by a common sound.¹

In translating I have striven to be as literal as possible. Nor have I in any case allowed myself to deviate to any considerable extent from the words of Dante, unless it has appeared to me that such deviation is better calculated than a more literal rendering to express either the full meaning or the harmony of the original, or the actual thought of the Poet, as opposed to the

¹ A careful analysis of Milton's versification, suggested, after the completion of the third Canto, by my having accidentally observed (while studying his poetry in connection with the Miltonic epitaph discovered by Professor Morley, and published in the *Times* in 1868) a considerable number of final rhymes in his blank verse (see, e.g. *P. L.* i. 183-191, iv. 306-311, vii. 548-573), confirmed me in the opinion that the method of harmonising, which I have adopted in the later Cantos, is no illegitimate extension of the Miltonic method.

particular expression which the rhyme has led him to adopt.

In the preparation of the Notes I have been chiefly indebted to the Commentary of Signor Brunone Bianchi, which was recommended to me by Count Aurelio Saffi. I have also derived assistance from the Translations and Commentaries of Longfellow, Cary, Wright, and Pollock; the French Translation of M. Louis Ratisbonne; and the superb edition of the *Inferno* by the late Lord Vernon.

Other Cantos I have translated, and hope to publish. Those comprised in the present volume have already undergone several revisions since they were first printed. I respectfully submit them to the judgment of the reader.

November, 1874.

THE INFERNO.

CANTO I.

Nel mezzo del cammin.

ARGUMENT.

DANTE is lost in a wood. Arriving at the base of a hill, whose summit is illumined by the rays of the rising sun, he beholds three wild beasts on the heights above him. Returning in alarm, he is met by Virgil, whose aid he implores. Virgil informs him that he must traverse the unseen world, if he would escape the perils of the wood. He offers himself to guide the Poet through Hell and Purgatory. Beatrice would be his guide into Paradise.

ON life's mid-way—ere half my days were o'er—

All in a darksome wood¹ I roved astray,

Wherein the way of truth was seen no more.

Ah me! 'twere a sad task and hard to say

How wild that woodland was, how sharp, how strong 5

Its growth, which ev'n in thought renews dismay.

¹ Error.

Does there to death such bitterness belong ?
 Yet wondrous things athwart my path that lay,
 And good which there I found shall wake my song.
 How first I enter'd there I scarce can say ; 10
 So heedless was I and so full of sleep
 That hour wherein I swerved from the straight way.
 But soon as I had gain'd a hill-side steep—²
 There where that dark and dreary valley ended,
 That made my heart to grieve and eyes to weep— 15
 Lo ! as I gazed, over its slope descended
 Vesture of light from the heaven-wanderer,
 Upon whose course are all things else suspended.
 Then tranquillized a little was the fear
 That in the deep lake of my heart ³ had lain 20
 All that long night of anguish and despair.
 And like as one forth from the sea's domain
 Escaped unto the shore with labouring breath
 Turns back and gazes at the perilous main ;

² Truth. Politically, the ideal form of government for Italy and mankind—in Dante's opinion, an universal monarchy, seated at Rome, with the Pope as spiritual head.

³ Various interpreted :—by Signor Bianchi, as referring to the stagnation of the blood in the vessels of the heart caused by terror ; by M. Louis Ratisbonne, as 'le lac agité de mon cœur ;' and by Longfellow as 'the deep mountain tarn of his heart, dark with its own depth, and the shadows hanging over it.'

So did my spirit, that still sank beneath 25
 Its anguish, backward turn to view the place
 Wherein none else entering had 'scaped from death.
 I stay'd a while to rest my weariness ;
 Then, moving gradual o'er a gentle rise,⁴
 My way I took thro' that wide wilderness. 30
 And lo ! just where the emerald steep 'gan rise,
 A Leopard⁵ light of foot, quick-moving, gay
 With speckled skin, unto my wondering eyes
 Appear'd, nor vanish'd, rather did my way
 Perplex and hinder so that many a time 35
 I turnèd to go back in deep dismay.
 It was the hour of the morning's prime ;
 And the sun clomb up those self-same stars⁶ among
 Wherewith encompassèd he rose sublime

⁴ The soul enters upon the quest after truth with confidence, meeting with no difficulty at the outset, and having no consciousness of the obstacles which lie in the way.

⁵ Envy. Inf. vi. 50, 74 ; xv. 68. Otherwise, with Longfellow, and others, Worldly Pleasure.

The imagery in verses 31-54 is evidently borrowed from Jeremiah v. 6. ' Wherefore a lion out of the forest shall slay them, a wolf of the evenings shall spoil them, a leopard shall watch over their cities : every one that goeth out thence shall be torn in pieces.'

⁶ The stars of Aries. ' The world was anciently believed to have been created in the spring. " Ver illud erat." Georg. II. 336.' Wright.

When Love Divine those glorious worlds along 40
 Their orbits first impell'd. The sweet spring-tide,
 The birds that round me tuned their matin song,
 Were cause of hope that from that speckled hide
 No harm would spring :⁷ yet not so that my dread
 Return'd not when a Lion⁸ I espied, 45
 That onward came right in my path with head
 Aloft and glaring wild with hungry eye,
 That ev'n the air seem'd to shrink back afraid.
 And a She-wolf,⁹ whose leanness seem'd to be
 Full fraught with all inordinate desire, 50
 And many a soul had fill'd with misery,
 Wrought in my spirit such confusion dire—
 So fearfully her grisly form did show—
 That I all hope resign'd of mounting higher.
 And like as one that kindleth with the glow 55
 Of gain—and then, to mar his full delight,
 There cometh loss—he sinks o'erwhelm'd with woe ;
 So by that beast was I dishearten'd quite,
 That still with stealthy tread approaching nigh
 Downward involved me in the shades of night. 60

⁷ The hour of the day, and the season of the year, induced the hope that the Leopard would prove harmless. This animal is said to retire to its den at sun-rise in the spring. Allegorically, envy is subdued by the tranquillizing influence of the morning, and by love inspired by the season.

Thus hurrying down the shelter'd ground to reach

Before my wearied eyes appearèd one

Who thro' long silence seem'd bereft of speech.¹⁰

When I descried him in the desert lone,

'Have pity on me!' I cried out, 'whate'er 65

Thou art, or living man, or shade undone.'

He made response; 'Not living man, tho' once

Terrestrial air I drew—Italian-born

Of Lombard ancestors in Mantua fair,

When mightiest Julius did the world adorn: 70

I lived at Rome 'neath good Augustus' sway,

When mankind groan'd in bondage all forlorn

Of lying gods. 'Twas I who sang the lay

Of just Anchises' son, who came from Troy,

When Ilium's proud towers in ashes lay. 75

Why lingerest thou where grovelling cares annoy?

What hinders thee to scale the beauteous mountain,

Which is the source and giver of all joy?'

'Art thou then Virgil, that perennial fountain,

Whence welleteth out of speech so large a river?' 80

I answer'd all abash'd. 'O light and glory

⁸ Pride.

⁹ Avarice.

¹⁰ This line is said to refer to the neglect of classical literature in Italy during the dark ages.

Of other bards ! now may the long endeavour
 And the deep love with which I ponder'd thro'
 Thy sacred page avail me ! Thou wert ever
 My Master and my chief Inspirer !—thou 85
 Alone, for 'twas from thee I won the fair
 Style that with honour's wreath adorns my brow.
 Yon wolf, that made me turn, still hovering there
 Thou seest : save me from her, renownèd sage,
 Whose presence shakes each pulse, each vein with fear.' 90
 ' Meet is it thou another pilgrimage
 Should'st make,' he answer'd, when he saw my tears,
 ' Would'st thou escape this desert, and the rage
 Of yonder beast.¹¹ For whosoe'er appears
 Upon the slope of this delightful hill, 95
 Hindering his upward course she rends and tears
 And slays outright :—nor gluts her ravenous will,
 But after each repast—so dire, so dread
 Her devilish nature—grows more hungry still.
 With many a bestial creature she doth wed, 100
 And shall with more till that Greyhound arise,¹²
 Who will afflict her sore, and bruise her head.

¹¹ Contemplation, and not action, was the vocation of the Poet. It was indirectly—by means of his poem—that he was to benefit his country and mankind.

¹² Comparing this passage with Parad. xvii. 76—90, and especially

Not of the earth or earthly vanities,
 But wisdom, virtue, love his food shall be :
 'Twixt either Feltro¹³ his dominion lies. 105
 Deliverer of down-fallen Italy,¹⁴
 For whom died brave Camilla, virgin pure,
 Turnus, Euryalus, and Nisus—he
 Thro' every land and town with scourge severe
 Back to the mouth of Hell yon wolf shall chase, 110
 Whence Envy-born she sprang.—Now, pondering, clear
 My mind discerns that thou thro' Heaven's grace
 Wilt follow me thy Guide ordain'd to bear
 Thee hence into an everlasting place,
 Where thou wilt hear the shriekings of despair, 115
 And see the ancient spirits rack'd with pain—
 Each one a second death invoking there.

the line

' Questi non ciberà terra nè peltro '

with the lines

' Parran faville della sua virtute
 In non curar d' argento, nè d' affanni, '

it seems probable that the Veltro, or Greyhound, is intended to denote Can Grande della Scala, who is unquestionably the person referred to in the above passage from the Paradiso. Can Grande was one of Dante's chief friends in exile. He was called 'catulus Veronæ.' Other references to him are traced in Purg. xx.13 ; xxxiii. 40.

¹³ Feltro, in the Marca Trivigiana, and Montefeltro, in Romagna.

¹⁴ 'Umile Italia.' So interpreted by Buti. Cary and others think

And thou shalt see those others, who are fain
 In fire to purge them, hopeful in the end
 Among the Blessed entrance to obtain. 120
 Unto whose glory if thou would'st ascend,
 Another soul¹⁵ must come worthier than I :
 Thither with her may'st thou thy footsteps wend.
 For that dread Emperor, who reigns on high,
 Suffers me not—for that I did rebel 125
 Against His law¹⁶—within the empyreal sky
 To lead thee. There in lofty citadel
 Enthronèd He the universe doth sway.
 Oh, blest are they with Him elect to dwell !⁷
 Outspake I then, and said ; ‘ Poet, I pray 130
 Thee by that Holy One thou did'st not know,
 That I from this and greater evil may

that the expression was suggested by Virgil's

‘ Cum procul obscuros colles, humilemque videmus
 Italiam.’

Æn. III. 522.

¹⁵ Beatrice, the daughter of Folco Portinari, whom Dante met for the first time in A.D. 1274, when he was nine years old. He describes this meeting and its effect upon him at the opening of ‘La vita nuova.’

¹⁶ Dante's words, ‘ribellante alla sua legge,’ must be taken to mean simply—as Signor Bianchi remarks—‘*alieno* dalla sua legge o *non seguace* di essa.’ Otherwise the passage is directly at variance with the statement in Canto iv., that the spirits in Limbo, of whom Virgil was one, had not ‘sinned.’ See Cant. iv. 34, &c.

Escape, lead thou me where thou said'st, that so
These eyes may see where Peter sits enshrined
In glory, and those spirits whelm'd in woe.' 135
Then movèd he, and I held on behind.

CANTO II.

Lo giorno se n' andava.

ARGUMENT.

DANTE fears that his strength will prove insufficient for the enterprise. 'It was reasonable,' he argues, 'that Æneas and St. Paul, who were respectively concerned in laying and strengthening the foundations of the Roman Empire and the Christian Church, should traverse the unseen world ; but what was his claim to so high a privilege ?' Virgil revives the confidence of the Poet by relating how he had been visited by Beatrice, and sent by her to rescue him from the wood ; and how St. Mary the Virgin and St. Lucy had also intervened on his behalf.

Now day declined, and Night with dusky wing
 Descending lull'd to rest the labour-wearied
 Creatures of earth, when I alone prepared
 Myself to endure heart-piercing agony—
 The terrors of the wild tempestuous way—
 Deep graven on the unerring memory.

Ye sacred nine! aid my adventurous lay.
 Tell, O my mind, that which did there betide me,
 And all thy native nobleness display.

I thus broke silence ; ‘ Poet, that dost guide me, 10
 Weigh well my merit, if it sufficient be,
 Ere thou unto this perilous pass confide me.
 Thou tell’st how Silvius’ great sire,¹ while he
 Was yet corruptible, unto the place
 Immortal went, and was there sensibly. 15

Now, that the Enemy of all ill such grace
 On him bestow’d, measuring the high effect
 That was to ensue therefrom—the power—the race—
 Appears not strange to one who can reflect,
 For that he was of Rome’s imperial sway 20
 The original author in high heaven elect.
 Which sway—not for itself alone—to say
 The truth—was stablish’d for the holy place,
 Where sitteth who succeeds to Peter’s throne.
 By this descent, made famous in thy story, 25
 He learn’d the sure foundation how to lay
 Of his success, and of the Papal glory.²

¹ Æneas.

² Æneid vi. 889-894.

Erewhile in Limbo⁴ 'mid the hero band
 The irradiant form of one so fair was given
 To my rapt sight that I her swift command
 Entreated. Brighter than the star of even 55
 Her eyes were gleaming when she thus began
 With angel voice in the sweet speech of heaven ;
 " O gentle spirit of the Mantuan,
 Whose name on earth with deathless glory blended
 Shall live for aye thro' time's remotest span, 60
 My friend, alas ! by Fortune unbefriended,
 Is so perplex'd on the wild desert way
 That he thro' fear his onward course hath ended :
 And now perchance hath gone so far astray
 That I to rescue him have risen in vain 65
 From what I hear the ethereal people say.
 Thou therefore rise, and with the golden strain
 Of thy fair speech give timely aid, that so
 He may escape and I have rest again.
 'Tis I—'tis Beatrice who bids thee go. 70
 I come from where I fain would be restored,
 By love impell'd which makes these tears to flow.

³ St. Paul. Acts ix. 15 ; and 2 Cor. xii. 2.

⁴ The first circle of Hell, described in Canto iv.

When I am in the presence of my Lord,
 I will rehearse thy praise before the throne."
 Ceasèd she then, and I took up the word ; 75
 'O sovran Lady, by whose aid alone
 The feeble race of mankind doth excel
 All else contain'd within heaven's lesser zone,⁵
 This thy commandment pleaseth me so well,
 That were it done forthwith 'twere all too late : 80
 No need thy purpose more to unfold—but tell
 The reason why thou dost not hesitate
 To venture down into this central gloom,
 Who longest to regain thy blessed seat ?"
 "Seeing thou would'st into these depths presume, 85
 I will in brief unfold," she answer made,
 "Why without fear amid these shades I come.
 'Tis meet to hold only those things in dread
 That tend to work another's woe or shame :
 All else thou may'st encounter undismay'd. 90
 I am so framed by God—unto whose name
 Be all the praise—that this thy misery
 Touches me not, this restless quenchless flame.⁶

⁵ The Lunar sphere of the Ptolemaic system.

⁶ The 'hopeless desire' of the spirits in Limbo. Canto iv. 42

A saint⁷ there is above, so piteously
 Bewails this hindrance⁸ in her gentle breast, 95
 Ev'n Heaven is moved, and changed the stern decree.
 She to Lucia⁹ call'd, and made request,
 And said ; ' Now is thy faithful one in need
 Of thee : arise, and to his succour haste.'
 Lucia, foe to every cruel deed,¹⁰ 100
 Bestirr'd herself, and came unto the place
 Where I with the ancient Rachel sat, and said ;
 ' O Beatrice,¹¹ in whom Heaven's special grace
 Abounds, why aid'st thou not who lovèd thee
 So well, renouncing the vile herd and base ? 105
 Hearest thou not his piteous agony ?
 Seëst thou not how on the brimming river
 With death he strives, where the resounding sea
 Loseth its glory ? ' Child of earth was never
 More swift to follow gain or loss to fly 110
 Than I hearing those words from realms for ever
 Blissful descended thro' the ample sky,
 Relying on that eloquence of thine,
 Thy glory and theirs who hear its melody."

⁷ St. Mary the Virgin, or Divine Clemency.

⁸ The forlorn condition of the Poet.

⁹ St. Lucy, or Illuminating Grace.

¹⁰ This obviously refers, not to the 'stern decree' of v. 96, which is changed already, but to the 'hindrance' of v. 95. ¹¹ Theology.

Here ending her discourse, she bent on mine 115
 Her glowing eyes weeping, that I was made
 More eager to obey her voice divine.
 And so to thee I came, and brought thee aid
 Against the fierceness of the beast that barr'd
 The readiest way o'er the fair mountain glade. 120
 Why then, oh why let cowardice retard
 Thy lingering steps, nor rather entertain
 Boldness of soul meet for this labour hard—
 Seeing how those three blessed ones are fain
 To care for thee within the court of heaven, 125
 And my words bid thee hope such good to attain ?'
 As flowerets, by the chilling breath of even
 Bow'd down and closed, their petals ope, and rear
 Upright their stems, when the sun's light is given ;
 So did I with my spirit's drooping cheer, 130
 Till with fresh fervour all my bosom glow'd :
 I spake as one broke free from bonds of fear ;
 ' O she was very piteous, who bestow'd
 Her aid, and courteous thou, who did'st obey
 So soon the true words from her lips that flow'd. 135
 So doth thy precious speech my fear allay,
 That all my heart is longing to fulfil
 Its first resolve this journey to essay.

CANTO II.

17

Now let us go, for we have both one will.

Thou art my guide, my lord and master thou.'

140

So said I : then he onward moved, until

We reach'd the woody path that leads below.

CANTO III.

Per me si va.—
ARGUMENT.

THE inscription over the gate of Hell. Dante and his Guide pass into a region of unchanging darkness, peopled with those neutral spirits—a vast multitude—who in their life-time had neither incurred infamy nor merited praise. Here they view the souls of the lost gathering towards the river Acheron, and pressing with eagerness into Charon's bark.

Thro' me you go to Acheron's doleful river,

Thro' me you go to realms of endless pain,

Thro' me you go among the lost for ever.

Eternal Justice did my being ordain :

Power, Wisdom, Love, supreme primeval Trine,

5

Ere yet the perishable world began,

The lofty fabric rear'd with art divine.

With things eternal I endure eterne.

O ye who enter, every hope resign .

In dusky colouring traced I could discern 10
 Over a gate these words ; whereat I said
 ‘ Ah ! Master, for their sense is dark and stern.’
 But he as one who all my thought had read ;
 ‘ Here must thou each misgiving leave behind,
 And every coward thought must here lie dead. 15
 For we have reach’d the place where thou wilt find
 Plunged in deep woe those hapless people, who
 Have lost for aye the chief good of the mind.’
 With this he put his hand in mine, and thro’
 The gloom, with cheerful face, that silenced fear, 20
 Into the hidden world my steps he drew.
 Sighings, and moans, and piercing shrieks were here
 Resounding thro’ the starless air beneath,
 That I upon the threshold wept to hear.
 Tongues divers, speeches foul, of human breath, 25
 Each utterance of pain and wrath that telleth,
 Hoarse notes and shrill, and smiting hands therewith
 A tumult made that ever eddying welletth
 Up thro’ that realm in changeless gloom enshrouded,
 Like sand which the Scirocco’s blast impelleth. 30
 And ‘ Say,’ I thus began with error clouded,
 ‘ Say, Master, what tumultuous sounds amaze
 Mine ear, and who are these in sorrow shrouded ?’

Gazing till I their lineaments perceived,
I saw the shade of him whose cowardice
Of Peter's glorious throne himself bereaved.¹ 60
Forthwith I knew with certainty that this
Was the vile herd of caitiff souls that were
Hateful to God and to His enemies.
These miserable beings, that never were
Alive, went naked, and were sorely stung 65
By hornets and by wasps that gather'd there.
Around their faces quivering gore-drops hung,
That mingled with their tears, and trickling o'er
Their bodies fell disgustful worms among.
Then, bending forward further to explore, 70
I saw much folk by a broad river's stream ;
Whereat I said ; ' Master, now let thy lore
Unfold who these are, and what makes them seem
So eager to embark those waves upon,
As I discern by yonder fitful gleam.' 75
But he replied ; ' This will appear anon,
When we our travell'd footsteps shall have placed
Upon the doleful shore of Acheron.'

¹ Pope Celestine V.

And then, with eyes in reverent awe depress'd,
Fearing that he my questioning would blame, 80
Up to the river I my thoughts suppress'd.
And lo! towards us o'er the wave there came
White with his hoary hair a boatman old,
Crying aloud, 'Woe to ye, sons of shame!
Hope not the empyreal heaven to behold : 85
I come to bear ye to the other shore,
Amid the eternal darkness heat and cold.
But thou, that comest ere thy life be o'er,
Get thee away from these—for they are dead.'
And, when he saw that I moved not the more 90
For that, 'By other paths—not here,' he said,
'By other waters thou shalt reach the plain :
A lighter bark must bear the living head.'
Whereto my Guide ; 'Fret not thyself in vain,
Charon, for so 'tis will'd where will and might 95
Are one : nor seek his going to restrain.'
Then were the shaggy jaws dumb-founder'd quite
Of the grim pilot of the livid lake,
Who round his eyes had rings of fiery light.
But those poor weary naked souls forsake 100
Their colour, gnashing all in furious wrath,
Heart-stricken by the savage words he spake—

Blaspheming the Holy One of heaven—the earth
And human kind—their sires—the time, the place,
The seed of their begetting—and their birth. 105
And then, loud wailing all, with echoing pace
To that accursed shore in heaps they roll,
That waits each mortal man who spurn'd Heaven's grace.
Demonian Charon's eyes of blazing coal
Beckon them on ; he marshals all together ; 110
Strikes with uplifted oar each lagging soul.
As leaves, that in the drear autumnal weather
Scatter and fall, until the umbrageous wood
All its fair spoils unto the earth doth gather ;
Ev'n in like manner Adam's evil brood 115
That desolate shore abandon one by one,
As falcons by the fowler's voice pursued.
Thus are they borne across the waters dun ;
And, ere they light upon the farther strand,
Another crew doth muster here. ' My son,' 120
The Master said with courteous accent bland,
' Those who have perish'd in the wrath of God
Hither assemble all from every land.
And they are eager to pass o'er the flood,
Because Heaven's justice goadeth them, till fear 125
Is heard no more, by strong desire subdued.

No righteous spirit ever passeth here ;
And, therefore, if with anger Charon met
Thy coming, what his words import is clear.
With that the dismal land beneath my feet 130
Shook with such violence, that yet again
The awful memory floods my limbs with sweat.
A gust of wind swept thro' the tear-sown glen ;
Vermilion lightning flash'd along the deep,
Bereaving me of every sense :—and then 135
I fell, as one oppress'd by sudden sleep.

CANTO IV.

Ruppemi l' alto.—
ARGUMENT.

THE Poets descend into the first circle of Hell, or Limbo, wherein are placed the spirits of those, who, not having sinned in the theological sense, have yet, owing to their want of baptism, come short of salvation; and also of those, who, having lived in pre-Christian times, neglected the dictates of natural religion. Emerging from the dense crowd of souls in the direction of a light shining in the darkness, they meet the shades of Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan, by whom they are accompanied into the separate abode of the great spirits of antiquity.

THE sleep that bound my head was broken by

A thunder peal so loud that I sprung up,

As one that is awaken'd forcibly.

Uplifted on my feet I moved around

My rested eyes, and look'd with eagerness,

5

To ascertain the place wherein I was.

'Tis true—upon the margin of the Abyss
 I found myself, whose caverns dolorous
 Gather the thunderous sound of agonies
 Innumerable. It was so dark, profound, 10
 And nebulous, that we on bending down
 Our steadfast gaze discern'd no single thing.
 'Descend we now to the blind world below ;'
 My Teacher thus his speech all pale as death
 Began, ' I first, thou after me.' And I, 15
 Who had remark'd his pallid hue, forthwith
 Replied ; ' How shall I go, if thou dost fear,
 Whose strength alone my wavering comforteth ?'
 And he return'd ; ' The anguish of the souls
 That are down here pourtrays upon my face 20
 That sympathy, which thou mistak'st for fear.
 Hasten we on, for the long way doth press.'
 'Twas thus he enter'd, thus he made me enter
 The foremost circle that surrounds the Abyss.
 Within, far as the listening ear could hear, 25
 No wailing sound arose, save that of sighs
 Alone, that shook the everlasting air,
 Of sorrow born, without tormenting pain—
 Sorrow, that held the crowds thick-banded there
 Of infants, and of women, and of men. 30

Said the good Master then ; ‘ Dost thou forbear
 To ask what spirits are these that here thou seest ?
 Yet would I have thee know, ere thou draw near,
 These have not sinn’d :¹ and, if they have their merits,
 ’Tis not enough, for, being unbaptised, 35
 They enter’d not the portal of thy Faith :
 And, if they lived before the birth of Christ,
 They render’d not due worship unto God.
 And these are they with whom my lot is cast.
 For these defects—these only—we are lost, 40
 Guiltless besides : yet only in this afflicted,
 That without hope in vain desire unblest
 We live.’ Great sorrow then my heart possess’d,
 Soon as I heard, because I knew that souls
 Of highest worth were in that Limbo placed. 45
 And ‘ Tell me, O my lord—O Master, tell ;’
 Thus I began, that I might of that Faith
 Be assured, which every error doth excel ;
 ‘ Went any forth from hence by his own merit,
 Or by Another’s aid, who from on high 50
 Appear’d ?’ He saw my hidden drift, and made

¹ Sin is ‘ the transgression of the law,’ or ‘ the rejection of divine grace.’ The heathen, having had no divine law, and the unbaptized, lacking divine grace, had not ‘ sinned ’ in the technical theological sense of the term. This, I presume, is the meaning of the Poet.

' O thou, that honourest each science and art,
 Say who are these held in such high esteem
 That from the others thus they dwell apart ?' 75

' The blaze of fame,' he forthwith made response,
 ' Which sounds their praises in the world above,
 Gains grace in heaven, which thus exalteth them.'

Suddenly thro' the gloom a voice was heard ;
 ' All honour to the bard of loftiest strain : 80
 His shade returns, that erst departed hence.'

Scarce had the voice its utterance ended, when
 I saw four shadows tall to us advance :
 Their looks betoken'd neither grief nor joy.

The Master then to me in brief began ; 85
 ' Mark him with yonder falchion in his hand,
 Who comes before three others as their chief.

'Tis Homer, sovran poet : after him
 Horace the satirist in haste comes on :
 The third is Ovid, and the last is Lucan. 90

Because that each of them had earnèd well
 The glorious name with which they welcom'd me,
 They do me honour, and in this do well.'

Thus I beheld united the fair school
 Of that renownèd lord of loftiest song, 95
 Who soars above the rest with eagle flight.

When they awhile had held discourse among
 Themselves, to me with courteous salute
 They turn'd ; whereat the gentle Master smiled.
And greater honour yet than this they show'd 100
 To me, for of their train they made me one ;
 And I was sixth of that great company.
Thus onward to the light we paced along,
 Speaking of things now best in silence hid,
 However spoken well those scenes among. 105
Unto a lordly castle's foot we came,
 Seven times with lofty walls encompass'd round,
 Defended by a fair encircling stream.
O'er this we pass'd with ease as on dry ground :
 Thro' seven gates I enter'd with those sages : 110
 A meadow of fresh green within we found.
People were there with still and thoughtful faces ;
 Of great authority they seem'd to be,
 Speaking but seldom, with melodious voices.
We then withdrew to an open place, that lay 115
 Upon one side, lofty and fill'd with light,
 Whence we the whole surrounding scene could view.
There on the smooth enamell'd green beneath
 Were shown to me the famous spirits of old,
 Whom yet my heart exulteth to have seen. 120

There did I 'mid a numerous throng behold
 Electra, Hector, and Anchises' son,
 Cæsar all arm'd with falcon eyes ; and bold
 Camilla, and the Amazonian queen
 On the other side : and there the Latin king 125
 Sitting beside Lavinia was seen.
 I saw that Brutus, who expell'd Tarquin,
 Cornelia, Julia, Marcia, Lucrece ;
 Alone—apart—I saw the Saladin.
 And then, when I had somewhat lifted up 130
 Mine eyes, I saw the chief of those who know,³
 Retired amid the philosophic crew.
 Him all admire, all give him honour due :
 And nearer to him standing than the rest
 Plato and Socrates appear'd : he too 135
 Who builds the world on chance, Democritus ;
 Diogenes, Anaxagoras, and Thales,
 Zeno, Empedocles, and Heraclitus ;
 And he, of herbs who track'd the qualities,
 Dioscorides. Orpheus too was there, 140
 Tully, and Linus, moral Seneca,
 Geometrician Euclid, Ptolemy,
 Galen, Hippocrates, and Avicenna,
 And he who made the famous commentary,

Averrois.—I cannot all retrace, 145
So hurried onward by the exhaustless theme
That oft-times words with things cannot keep pace.
Our company of six divided here :
Another way I went with my sage Guide
Forth from the tranquil to the troubled air ; 150
And came into a part where is no light.

³ Aristotle. I am indebted to Cary's translation for the expression 'thunderous sound' in v. 9 of this Canto.

CANTO V.

Così discesi.—
ARGUMENT.

DANTE and his Guide pass into the second circle, in which they view the souls of Carnal Sinners, in utter darkness—the sport and prey of racking whirlwinds. Dante converses with Francesca and Paolo Malatesta, from the former of whom he hears the narrative of their disastrous love.

THUS downward from the foremost circle I went
 Into the second, that lesser space surroundeth,
 And greater pain, which goads to loud lament.
 There with his grin terrific Minos standeth,
 Examineth offences at the gate, 5
 Judgeth, and doometh, as himself he windeth.
 For when the spirit born with evil fate
 Before him comes, it maketh full confession
 And that dread Punisher inquireth straight
 What place in Hell befitteth its transgression ; 10
 Then girds him with his tail so oft as will
 Denote the grade ordain'd for its dismissal.

Always before him many stand : they go,
Each in his turn, and one by one, to judgment :
They speak, and hear, and then are hurl'd below. 15
' O thou that comest to this house of sorrow,'
Cried Minos unto me, when he beheld me,
Leaving the business of that dreadful office ;
' See how thou enterest, and on what reliest :
Be not deceived by the broad entrance way.' 20
To whom the Master ; ' Wherefore vainly criest ?
It lieth not with thee his course to stay.
'Tis thus by fate decreed, and will'd where power
Effectuates will : forbear ; and ask' no more.'
Thereon the notes of woe began to sound 25
Nearer and yet more near, till we alight
There where loud anguish smites upon the ear.
I found me in a place void of all light,
That moaneth as the troubled ocean moaneth,
When roused in conflict with the tempest's might. 30
The infernal hurricane, that never resteth,
Gathers the spirits in its swift career,
And turns about and drives them where it listeth.
When yawns the precipice before their eyes,
Shrieks, moans, and lamentations rend the air, 35
And blasphemies against the heavenly Power.

Next cometh one by hapless love self-slain—

She, who broke faith with the ashes of Sichæus : ¹

Cleopatra next to her, luxurious dame.'

Helen I saw, for whom so many years

Of wasteful strife prevail'd ; and great Achilles, 65

Who join'd the fray at last, by love ² impell'd.

Paris was there, and Tristan ; . . . and the place

Was rife with hundreds more—by him then named

And shown to me—whom love bereft of life.

Thus having heard the experienced Guide recount 70

By name the knights and dames of ancient time,

My grief o'ercame me, and I almost swoon'd.

At length I spake thus ; ' Poet, I would fain

Converse with yonder pair, ³ who come together,

And seem to float so lightly on the air.' 75

Whereto he thus replied ; ' Watch thou, till they

Approach nearer to us : then summon them

By that love which is theirs, and they will come.'

Soon as the wind bore them to where we stood,

I lifted up my voice ; ' O wearied ones, 80

Come hither, and speak with us, if nought forbids.'

¹ Dido.

² His love for Patroclus.

³ Francesca and Paolo Malatesta.

Then, as two doves that by desire call'd
 With moveless wings outspread to their sweet nest
 Float thro' the air by longing hearts impell'd ;
 Forth from the crowd where Dido was they pass'd, 85
 They came to us thro' the dun air malign,
 So vehement was my passionate cry. And thus
 One spake ; ' O being gracious and benign,
 Who comest thro' the black wind visiting
 Us, who by violent hands erewhile were slain ; 90
 Were He our friend, who sways the universe,
 We would beseech Him for thy peace, who thus
 Pitiest our evil plight, and wills perverse.
 And seeing thou would'st hold discourse with us,
 We too will listen and converse with thee, 95
 While the fierce whirlwind keepeth silence thus.
 The land where I was born lies by the sea,
 That gleams along that coast, where Po descends,
 To have repose with his attendant streams.
 Love, that in gentle heart soon glows, o'ercame 100
 Him for that beauty which was reft from me
 So foully that the anguish yet remains.
 Love, that to none beloved remitteth love's
 Return, seized me for his enchanting self
 So strongly that it still lingers as thou seest. 105

Love brought us to one grave : the lowest hell
 Awaiteth him by whom our lives were sped.
 Such was the utterance from her lips that fell.
 At hearing which from those woe-wearied souls,
 I bow'd my head, and held it down so long 110
 That the Bard said to me ; ' What ponderest thou ?'
 After some pause, I thus began ; ' Alas !
 What yearnings, and what blissful réveries
 Impell'd them to that lamentable pass !'
 And then I turn'd to them, and thus again 115
 My speech renewed ; ' Francesca, thy afflictions
 Bring tears of grief and pity to mine eyes.
 But tell me—at the time of those sweet sighs
 How happen'd it that Love enabled you
 Each other's dubious wish to recognise ?' 120
 And she replied ; ' There is no greater sorrow
 Than recollecting times of happiness
 In misery : and this thy Teacher⁴ knows.
 But if thou hast so great desire to know
 How that entrancing love began to sway 125
 Our hearts, I will repeat the tale of woe.

⁴ Boëthius. ' In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus infortunii est fuisse felicem et non esse.' *De Consolatione*. L. ii. pr.^o 4.

We chanced to read for our delight one day
 Of Lancelot, how love enthralled him :
 Alone we read, all unsuspectingly.
 And many times that tale our eyes made dim 130
 With tears, and paled our cheeks ; but 'twas one place
 Alone that vanquish'd us : for when we came
 To where it was narrated how that fair
 Enchanting face was kiss'd by one so fond,
 So dear, he, who from me will never be 135
 Dissever'd, kiss'd my lips all tremblingly.
 The book, the writer served as Galahad⁵
 For us. We read therein no more that day.
 Thus while one spirit spake, the other stay'd
 Speechless, but moan'd, and wept. I at that tale 140
 Of sorrow swoon'd, and was as one half dead ;
 And, as a corpse falls, to the ground I fell.

⁵ Galahad was the name of the person who acted as go-between to Guinevere and Lancelot.

CANTO VI.

Al tornar della mente.—
ARGUMENT.

THE Poets enter the third circle, where, under a ceaseless tempest of rain, hail, and snow, the souls of the Gluttonous are tormented by Cerberus. Dante here converses with Ciaccio, a Florentine, who predicts the expulsion of the Neri from Florence, and their return within three years. Dante inquires whether the torments of the lost will be increased or diminished after the day of judgment. In reply Virgil refers him to the maxim of Aristotle, that beings are more or less sensible of good and evil in proportion as they have attained a greater or less degree of perfection. After the judgment the lost will recover their bodies, and will thus, in accordance with this maxim, experience an increase of suffering. On the descent towards the fourth circle they find Plutus—the arch-enemy.

WHEN life and sense return'd, erewhile suspended
 In presence of the kindred shades, whose anguish
 Shrouded me all in dazing mist of sorrow,
 New torments I behold, and new tormented
 Spirits around me strown, where'er I move,
 Where'er I turn, or bend my wistful gaze.

I found myself in the third circle, where
 The accursed everlasting showers descend
 Baleful and cold—unchanging evermore
 In rule and quality. Large hail and snow 10
 And ink-black rain pours thro' the darken'd air :
 The foul earth stinks whereon that deluge falls.
 The savage-hearted monster multiform,
 Cerberus, with his three throats dog-like bayeth
 Over the people that are whelmèd thus. 15
 Eyes fiery red—black matted beard beneath
 His visage grim—huge paunch—and talon'd hands—
 He flays the souls, and tears them limb from limb.
 They howl like dogs beneath the drenching rain,
 With one side making shelter for the other, 20
 And shifting oft—those hapless spirits profane.
 When Cerberus, the great worm, us descried,
 He open'd wide his mouths, and show'd his fangs,
 And shook in every limb : whereat my Guide
 Stooping forthwith stretch'd out his hands, and took 25
 Of that foul earth, and flung whole handfuls down
 Those ravenous throats. As when a dog with pangs
 Of hunger yelps and howls, but ceaseth soon,
 When he has seized his prey, and ravening gloats
 Over the wish'd-for meal, intent thereon ; 30

So brought to silence were the three fowl throats
 Of demon Cerberus, who dins alway
 The souls until they fain would lose the sense
 Of hearing. Onward o'er the spirits, that lay
 Prostrate beneath the rain, we went, and placed 35
 Our steps on shadowy forms that substance seem'd.
 They lay diffused upon the ground—all who
 Were there, save one, who raised himself to sit,
 When he beheld us passing near. 'Thou who
 Art borne thro' this infernal pit,' he said 40
 To me, 'bethink thee who I am, if yet
 Thou can'st. Thy life began ere mine was sped.'
 And I replied; 'Perhaps it is thy state
 Of agony withdraws thee from my mind
 So that it seemeth that I never saw thee. 45
 But tell me who thou art, that in this blind
 Abode art placed, and with such pain that, if
 There be more grievous, none hath more distaste.'
 And he replied; 'Thy city,¹ which is rife
 With envy so that it hath now excell'd 50
 All bounds, possess'd me in the light of life.

¹ Florence, divided into the factions of the Bianchi, to which the Poet belonged, and the Neri.

By you, my townsmen, I was Ciacco ² call'd.
 For the wide-wasting vice of gluttony
 I welter, as thou seest, beneath the rain :
 Nor is it thus with me alone, but all 55
 These hapless souls unto like pain are doom'd
 For like offence.' He ended here, and I
 Thus made response ; ' Ciacco, thy troublous state
 Afflicts me so that I am moved to tears.
 But tell me, if thou knowest, whereunto 60
 The citizens of the divided state
 Will come ; if any there be just ; and say
 Whence grew this factious spirit to such height ?'
 And he replied ; ' After long struggle they
 Will come to bloodshed, when the forest party ³ 65
 Will with outrageous violence expel
 The other ⁴—destin'd soon itself to fall
 Within three years, and see the other rise
 Again with help of one who some while steers
 A middle course. ⁵ Long time the victor bears 70
 His head on high, weighing with heavy hand
 Upon the foe, who chafes resentfully.

² Ciacco is described by Landino as 'un uomo pieno d'urbanità e di motti e di facezie e di soavissima conversazione.' A gloss adds that he was 'homo de curiâ gulosus valdè.'

³ The Bianchi. ⁴ The Neri. ⁵ Between the two factions, siding

There are two just men ⁶ there, who live defamed
 And hated. Envy, pride, and avarice
 Are the three sparks that have men's hearts inflamed.' 75
 With that he from his mournful strain surceased.
 And I resumed ; ' Yet would I further learn
 Of thee, and crave the gift of further speech.
 Of Farinata, and Tegghiaio, who
 So worthy were ; of Jacob Rusticucci, 80
 Arrigo, Mosca, and the others, who
 To do well enter'd fair ; ⁷—say in what place
 They dwell, for I have great desire to know
 If they are lapt in bliss, or lost in Hell.'
 And he replied ; ' Whelm'd in the deep below 85
 Are they with blacker souls for heavier guilt ;
 As thou descending to that deep wilt know.

with neither. This is Buti's interpretation of the words 'che teste piaggia,' which he refers to Pope Boniface VIII., who brought about the expulsion of the Bianchi by the instrumentality of Charles de Valois.

⁶ It is not known who these are. Sigr. Bianchi thinks they may have been Dante himself, and Guido Cavalcanti, mentioned in Canto x., who is described by Benvenuto da Imola as 'Alter oculus Florentiæ tempore Dantis.'

⁷ These persons (with the exception of Arrigo Fifanti, who is not mentioned elsewhere) are introduced later in the poem ; Farinata degli Uberti in the 10th, Tegghiaio Aldobrandi degli Adimari, and Jacob Rusticucci in the 16th, and Mosca degli Uberti (or, as some think, dei Lamberti) in the 28th, Canto.

But, when thou shalt be in the joyous world,
 Make me to dwell in others' memory :
 Ask now no more, for I no more will tell.' 90
 This said, his fix'd eyes all askance he roll'd ;
 A moment look'd at me ; then bow'd his head,
 And with the other nighted spirits fell.
 When thus my Guide ; ' From yonder couch they rise
 No more until the angel-trump shall sound. 95
 Then, when the Adversary Power shall come,
 Each one will to the cheerless tomb repair,
 His former shape and moulder'd flesh resume,
 And hear the aye-resounding voice of doom.'
 Onward with slow steps o'er the loathsome mass 100
 Of rain and spirits blent we held our way,
 Touching a little on the life to come.
 Whence I inquired ; ' O Master, say, these torments—
 Will they increase after the general doom,
 Or will they be as now, or less intense ?' 105
 Whereto he said ; ' To thy science⁸ repair,
 Which wills that as each thing more perfect is,
 It has a keener sense of joy and woe.
 Albeit this accursed people ne'er
 Attaineth unto full perfection, yet 110
 Will they be nearer to it than than now.'⁹

Thus round that circling road we wound our way,
Conversing more than I can here repeat :
We gain'd the pathway that conducts below :
There found we Plutus,¹⁰ the arch-enemy.

115

⁸ The Aristotelian philosophy. *Metaph. iv. 16.*

⁹ The inference—that on recovering their bodies they will experience an increase of suffering—is implied.

¹⁰ The God of riches.

CANTO VII.

Pape Satan.—
ARGUMENT.

THE Poets descend into the fourth circle. Here they view the souls of the Avaricious and of the Prodigal, in large troops, arranged in circles, and rolling heavy weights, which they dash against one another. The Prodigal taunt the Avaricious with their miserliness, and the Avaricious taunt the Prodigal with their reckless expenditure. Driven asunder, they retrace their steps, each pursuing the course of his own semi-circle, until they reach the extreme point, where they are again severed. Conversing on the office of Fortune, and the vicissitudes of which she is the author, the Poets descend into the fifth circle, following the course of a rivulet which brings them to the margin of Styx ;—where, wallowing on the surface of its filthy waters, they view the souls of the Angry, smiting and rending one another in ferocious conflict. From beneath they catch the echoes of the inarticulate wallings of the Slothful, who are fixed in the slime at the bottom of the pool. Having made a wide circuit round the edge of the lake, they arrive at the base of a tower.

‘PAPE Satan, Pape Satan, aleppe!’

Plutus ’gan bay with hideous din—but he,

The gentle-hearted sage who all things knew,

¹ This line is said to mean, ‘Ho! Satan, ho! Satan, my chief!’ ‘Pape,’ is probably the Greek *παπᾶ*. ‘Aleppe’ is Hebrew.

Spake word of comfort ; ' Let not thy dismay
 Confound thee : whatsoe'er his power, it shall 5
 Not stay thy progress down this rock-hewn way.'
 Then rounding swift upon that passion-blown
 Visage, he said ; ' Accursed wolf, be still !
 Within thyself that rabid wrath consume.
 Not without cause is this descent into 10
 The gulf : 'tis will'd on high, where Michael pour'd
 Vengeance upon the Heaven-revolted crew.'
 As when a ship's sails swollen by the gale
 Collapse and fall about the shivering mast ;
 So to the earth the savage monster fell. 15
 Thus down into the fourth abyss we pass'd,
 Traversing more of that dark region fill'd
 With all the evils of the universe.
 Ah me ! Justice Divine—how dost thou heap
 New pains and travails, which these eyes beheld : 20
 Ah ! wherefore take such vengeance on our sin ?
 As wave with wave upon Charybdis' pool
 Meets, and is broken, and runs diverse ; so
 The people here in eddying circles move.
 Here saw I folk more numerous than elsewhere 25
 Thronging on either side with clamorous howls,
 And rolling by main force huge weights along.

Encountering, they dash together ; and then
 Each one forthwith wheels round, and backward rolls,
 Crying aloud ; ' Why hoard ye ? ' and ' Why d'ye spend ? ' 30
 Thus they return along the gloomy ring,
 Each in his place to the opposing point,
 Crying always in their opprobrious strain.
 Then each one, after shock, wheels round again,
 Thro' his half-circle, for another tilt. 35
 I, all my heart thrill'd thro' with anguish keen,
 Said ; ' O my Master, now to me impart
 What spirits are these, and if they all were priests—
 These with the shaven crowns upon our left.'
 And he replied ; ' All these in their first lives 40
 Were so warped in their mental sight that they
 In their expense no fitting measure kept—
 Distinguish'd clearly by their piercing cries
 When to those two points of the ring they come,
 Where the conflicting faults drive them apart. 45
 These without covering of hair upon
 Their crowns were priests and Popes and Cardinals,
 In whom the excess of avarice was found.'
 Then I ; ' O Master, surely amongst all these
 There needs must be whom I can recognise— 50
 Souls that were tainted by those ills.' But he

Made answer thus ; ' Vainly thou dost surmise :
 The ingloriousness wherein their lives were spent
 Makes it impossible to recognise
 Their lineaments. They will for ever come 55
 To the two shocks : these from the tomb will rise
 With clenched fist, and these with hair all cropt. ²
 Spending and hoarding ill hath reft from them
 The beauteous world, and set them in this strife.
 How drear it is no words could e'er unfold. 60
 Now may'st thou learn, my son, of how short life
 Those good things are, which Fortune doth control ;
 For which mankind wageth perpetual strife.
 For all the gold beneath the moon, and all
 That ever was, for these poor weary souls 65
 Could never gain one moment of repose.'
 ' Master,' I said, ' be pleased also to unfold
 To me—this Fortune—who she is, by whom
 The good things of the world are thus controll'd ?'
 And he replied ; ' O foolish creatures ! how 70
 Great is that ignorance which doth enfold
 Your minds ! now to my words give heed.—He whose

² The clenched fist denotes avarice ; cropt hair prodigality, which squanders everything, 'fino ai capelli,' *i.e.*, 'even to the hair,' as the Italians say.

Omniscience all else transcends, who made
 The heavens, and gave them Angels ministrant—
 So that each part to each part glory lends— 75
 Distributing with equal hand the light ;
 So for the glories of this world He hath
 Ordain'd a general Minister and Guide,
 To shift from time to time earth's fleeting toys
 From race to race, from house to house, beyond 80
 The feeble shifts which human sense employs.
 Thus one race waxeth strong, another weak,
 Following the guidance of her hand, which works
 In secret, as within the grass the snake.
 Your knowledge cannot vie with hers : she all 85
 Events foreseeing orders each, and rules
 Her kingdom, as the other Angels theirs.
 Her work no rest or intermission knows ;
 Necessity compels her to be swift :
 So many are they whom sudden change o'erthrows. 90
 'Tis she who is so often put to shame
 Even by those who ought to give her praise,
 Giving wrongful reproach, and evil fame.
 But she hears not, and in the realms of bliss,
 Amid the other primal creatures, rolls 95
 Her sphere, rejoicing in her blessedness.

Descend we now to lower depths of woe.
 Now falls each star that rose when we began
 Our course : nor may we linger here.'—Across
 The circle then we went to the other side, 100
 Hard by a fountain, which springs there, and pours
 Down a slope channel from itself derived.
 Gloomy and dark those waters were—more dark
 Than purple : we with them found entrance soon
 Into a pathway strange, that downward bore 105
 Our steps towards a lake, whose name is Styx,
 Form'd by this rueful streamlet when it gains
 The bottom of those black malignant plains.
 And, as I stood to view the scene, I saw
 Much people rolling on that putrid flood, 110
 Slime-spatter'd, naked, and with furious mien.
 These in their rage not with their hands alone
 But with head breast and feet each other struck,
 And tore themselves in pieces with their fangs.
 My Guide then spake ; ' Here, O my son, thou seest 115
 The spirits of those whom anger overcame :
 And I would have thee know for certain that
 Beneath this water there are souls whose sighing
 Makes heave the bubbling surface, as thou seest,
 Where'er the eye roves round.' And thus they sung— 120

Those spirits mire-ingulf'd ; ' All gloom were we
In the sweet air illumin'd by the sun,
Stiffing our souls within with slothful fumes ;
Now we have gloom in the black pool undone.'
This they repeat with gurgling sound within 125
Their throats, but words complete can utter none.
Thus long way round that loathsome pool, between
The dry bank and the waves, in haste we wound
Our course, with eyes down cast on those who filth
Ingorged : we came to a tower's base at last. 130

CANTO VIII.

Io dico seguitando.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poets had noticed two beacon lights at the top of the tower. These denoted the arrival of two souls. There was also a third light on the other side of the lake. This announced the approach of the Ferryman. A boat arrives in charge of Phlegyas, who in his life-time had burnt the temple of Apollo, and whose function it now was to convey the souls of heretics into the fiery City of Dis. On the passage Dante encounters, and converses with, Philippo Argenti, a Florentine, who had been noted for his brutal and ferocious temper. Passing within the moats which surround the territory of Dis, they find the gate thronged with devils, who resist their entrance. Excluded by the devils, they await the advent of aid from above.

My theme pursuing, I relate that some
 Time ere we gain'd the lofty turret's base
 Our eyes roved upward towards the summit, where
 We saw two little streams of light extend,
 To which a third made answer from afar—
 So far that it was scarce discernible.

Then turning to that other sea, wherein

All wisdom lay, I said ; ' What meaneth this ?

What answereth yon flamelet ? and who are they

That tend it ?' He replied ; ' Over the dun 10

Waters already may'st thou note what comes

Apace, if the lake-fumes conceal it not.'

Ne'er leapt the winged arrow from the string

Or ran its course more swiftly thro' the air

Than I descried a little vessel there 15

Shoot o'er the leaden waves to where we stood,

Under the guidance of a single pilot,

Who cried aloud, ' Ho art thou come—damn'd spirit !'

To whom the Master spake ; ' Phlegyas ! Phlegyas !

In vain thou criest thus—this time : thou wilt 20

Not have us save in passing o'er the lake.'

As one who hears of some great wrong that hath

Been done to him, then chafes resentfully ;

So was't with Phlegyas in his gather'd wrath.

Thereon my Guide went down into the boat, 25

And then he made me enter after him,

Nor, till I was within it, seem'd it fraught.

Scarce had the Guide and I made entrance, when

The ancient craft went ploughing thro' the water

More deeply than with others it was wont. 30

While thus we sped across the stagnant pool,
 One cover'd o'er with slime arose, and said
 To me ; ' Why comest thou before the time ?'
 And I replied ; ' I come, but not to stay :
 But who art thou made thus deform ?' and he ; 35
 ' Thou seëst I am one of those in pain.'
 I answer'd swift ; ' With wailing and with tears,
 Accurs'd spirit ! may'st thou e'er remain :
 I know thee yet, all grimèd as thou art.'
 Then towards the bark he stretch'd out both his hands ; 40
 Whereat the Master caught and thrust him back,
 Saying, ' Away there with the other hounds !'
 And then around my neck his arms he flung,
 And kiss'd my cheek, and said ; ' Disdainful soul !
 Thrice blessed was the womb that compass'd thee. 45
 He was full fraught with pride in the fair world,
 With naught of grace to deck his memory ;
 Thus is his spirit rack'd with furious rage.
 How many, that once held themselves on high,
 Wallow like swine impure, view'd thro' all time 50
 With hate, and scorn, and shameful ignominy !'
 Then I ; ' Master, it would rejoice my soul
 To see him soused within this bestial slush,
 Ere we alight from off the pool.' And he

Responded thus ; ' Or ere the other shore 55
 Comes within prospect, thou shalt have thy wish.
 'Tis meet thou should'st have joy of this desire.'
 After a while I saw so fierce a rush
 Made at him by his fellows in the mire,
 That still I bless and praise my God. They all 60
 Cried with one voice ; ' At Philip Argentine !'¹
 The fierce Florentine spirit in his wrath
 Turn'd round, and with his talons rent his flesh.
 Here left we him that I no more can tell :
 But to mine ears loud cries of anguish borne 65
 Made me bend forward opening wide mine eyes.
 When the good Master thus ; ' Here, O my son,
 The city which is called Dis draws near,
 With its dread citizens, a numerous throng.'
 And I ; ' O Master, in the valley there 70
 Clearly I can discern its minarets
 Vermilion-hued, as tho' with circling fire
 Impaled.' And he replied ; ' The eternal flame,
 That glows within, imparts this ruddy hue,
 As thou beholdest in this nether hell.' 75

¹ So called from having his horse shod with silver.

We pass'd within the deep wide moats, with which
 That melancholy land is compass'd round,
 The walls thereof seem'd built of gleaming steel.
 Not without first wide circuit made we came
 Unto a place where with loud voice the pilot 80
 ' Out with you ! ' cried to us, ' the gate is here.'
 More than a thousand thronging there I saw—
 Spirits rain'd down from heaven—who were saying
 Wrathfully ; ' Who is this that comes within
 The region of the dead by death unslain ?' 85
 Whereat the experienced Master made a sign
 Of wish to speak with them apart : and then
 They bated somewhat of their huge disdain,
 And said ; ' Come thou alone : let him depart,
 Who thus hath dared to enter this domain. 90
 On his fool's road let him return alone,
 If so he can : but thou shalt here remain—
 Thou who hast borne him thro' this land of gloom.'
 Think, reader, how my courage falter'd then,
 Hearing the sound of those accursed words : 95
 I thought that I should ne'er return again.
 ' O my beloved Guide, who more than seven
 Times hast restored my safety, and hast led
 My steps thro' perils dire that round me lay,

Leave me not here all comfortless,' I said 100
 ' And if our further progress be forbidden,
 Let us with speed retrace our steps together.'
 But the good Master who had led me thither
 Made answer thus ; ' Thy fear dismiss, for none
 Can stay our onward course : 'tis will'd by Heaven. 105
 Attend me here, and be thy weary spirit
 By the sweet influence of hope sustain'd
 And cheer'd, for in this nether world I ne'er
 Will leave thee.' Thus he went ; and I remain'd
 In doubt, by the sweet sire abandon'd there, 110
 With yea and nay contending in my brain.
 I could not hear the words he spake ; but they
 Had not been long in conference, before
 Each one ran back to try the chance of fight.
 Then did those adversaries close the door 115
 In the face of my lord, who stay'd without,
 And back to me return'd with slacken'd pace—
 His eyes upon the ground, his brow bereft
 Of all its confidence, while thus with sighs
 He spake ; ' Who hath to me denied the house 120
 Of woe ?' Then to me turning ; ' Be not thou
 Dismay'd at my distress, for we shall win,
 Whate'er defences are prepared within.

This insolence of theirs is nothing new ;

'Twas shown before at the less secret gate, 125

Which yet remains unbarr'd. 'Twas there thou saw'st

The unearthly scroll ; already nigh at hand

'Twixt us and it across the steep comes down,

Passing the circles without escort, One

Whose might will open yet the doleful land.' 130

CANTO IX.

Quel color che villa.—
THE ARGUMENT.

DANTE, alarmed at the language in which his Guide, after expressing his confidence in their ultimate triumph over the devils, suggested for a moment the opposite alternative, enquires whether the spirits in Limbo ever descended into the lower circles of Hell. To this Virgil replies that he had himself been made to descend to the very lowest depth by Erictho, the Thessalian sorceress. The conversation is here interrupted by the apparition of the Furies. A terrific sound—as of a rushing mighty wind—announces the advent of the Angel, who opens the gate of the City. Within they find a wide territory, overspread with burning tombs, containing the Heresiarchs and their followers.

THAT hue which coward fear upon my cheek
 Then traced, when I beheld my Guide return,
 His own unwonted pallor soon repress'd.
 Moveless he stood as one intent to hear ;
 For sight was powerless to conduct him far
 Thro' the dense mist and thro' the dusky air.

'Nathless it shall be ours to win this fight,'
 He thus began ; ' if not our help is sure.
 Ah me ! why tarries yet that other one ?'
 I noticed how he cover'd o'er the doubt 10
 At first express'd, and that his after-thought
 Was different from that which went before.
 Yet none the less my fear was strengthen'd by
 His interrupted speech, wherein perhaps
 I found a ghaselier import than he meant. 15
 'Into this deep of the Abyss descends
 Any from the first sphere, wherein is found
 No pain beyond the loss of hope ?' I this
 Inquiry made, and he then made response ;
 'It seldom comes to pass that one of us 20
 Maketh this journey whereon we are bound.
 'Tis true that once before I was conjured
 Down here by that fierce Erito,¹ who call'd
 The shades back to their bodies. I had been
 But short time of the flesh despoil'd, when she 25
 Made me to pass thro' yonder wall, to raise
 A spirit from the sphere where Judas lies.
 That is the lowest place, and most obscure,
 And furthest from the heaven that circleth all.²
 I know the road ; therefore rest thou secure. 30

This lake, which breathes the baleful stench around,
 Girds with its sullen flow the doleful city,
 Where none can enter without wrath.' And more
 Than this he spake, which I could not retain,
 Because mine eyes were now drawn wholly towards 35
 The blazing summit of the tower, whereon
 Appear'd uplifted suddenly the three
 Infernal Furies, smear'd with blood, who seem'd
 Women in shape and gesture—girded round
 With hydras all of greenest hue, and curl'd 40
 About their angry brows with cerasts horn'd
 And serpents thick entwined.—And he, who knew
 Full well the ministers of her who sways
 The realm of everlasting wailings, said
 To me ; ' Behold the fell Erinnyes ! 45
 Here on the left hand is Megæra : there
 Wailing upon the right Alecto drear :
 Midst is Tisiphone.' And then he ceased.
 Their talons rent their breasts ; and with their palms
 They smote each other, and exclaim'd so loud, 50
 That I in terror to the Poet clung.

¹ Or Erictho, a Thessalian sorceress, referred to by Lucan. *Phars.* vi. 589.

² The Primum Mobile, the outermost of the heavenly spheres.

'Change him to adamant—Medusa!' thus
 They all exclaim'd with eyes bent downward; 'so
 Shall we revenge the assault which Theseus made.'³
 'Turn thee behind, and close thine eyes, for if 55
 The Gorgon once appear, and thou behold,
 For thee will be no journeying up to light.'
 So spake my Guide, nor rested there, but turn'd
 Me round himself, nor on my hands relied,
 But with his own mine eyelids held fast shut. 60
 O ye, that have discerning minds, behold
 And meditate the hidden sense involved
 Under the covering of the mystic verse.
 And now far echoing o'er the troubled waves
 Broke the loud crash of a terrific sound 65
 That shook both margins of the lake, and seem'd
 As if occasion'd by a wind that, lash'd
 Into strong fury by conflicting heat,
 Heedless of all restraint the forest cleaves,
 The boughs rends down, and strews them all abroad: 70
 Wrapt in a cloud of dust it tears along;
 The wild beasts and the shepherds fly dismay'd.

³ Theseus aided Pirithous in his attempt to carry off Proserpine.

Mine eyes he loosed, and 'Now,' said he, 'direct
 The visual nerve athwart the eternal foam,
 On this side where the smoke is most intense.' 75
 As frogs in presence of the water-snake,
 Their foe, fly frighted, shoaling thro' the waves,
 Till 'neath the sheltering mould they vanish all ;
 More than a thousand ruin'd spirits there
 I saw thus flying before One, who pass'd 80
 Across the Stygian pool with feet unwet.
 He brush'd the clammy dew from off his face,
 His left hand often passing o'er his brow ;
 Nor gave he other sign of weariness.
 I could perceive that he was sent from heaven, 85
 And moved towards my Guide, who signall'd me
 To hold my peace, and do him reverence.
 Ah me ! how full of high disdain he seem'd !
 He came up to the gate, which with his wand
 He open'd, for no bars could him restrain. 90
 'Outcasts of heaven, despisèd people !' thus
 Upon the horrid threshold he began ;
 'Whence harbour ye this insolence within
 Your breasts ? Ah ! wherefore kick ye against that will
 Which never can be frustrate of its ends, 95
 And which has oft before your pains increased ?

What boots it thus to wrestle with the fates ?
 Your Cerberus —if ye remember—still
 Weareth for this his chin and dewlap flay'd.⁷
 Then back upon the filthy road he turn'd, 100
 And made no sign to us, but seem'd as one
 Whom other and more urgent care corrodes
 Than of the work whereon to us he came.
 And we our steps moved onward towards the land
 In peace after the hallow'd words. Within 105
 The gates we pass'd without annoy ; and I,
 Who had a longing wish to know the state
 Within those walls inclosed, soon as I found
 Myself within, moved round mine eyes, and lo !
 On either hand I saw a spacious plain 110
 Tormented all with agonising woe.
 Ev'n as at Arles, where the Rhone stays its flow,
 Ev'n as at Pola, where Quarnaro bounds
 The Italian land, and laves its frontier,
 The sepulchres make all the strand to heave 115
 In mounds ; so did they here on either hand,
 Save that the scene was far more dread : for here
 There were dispread between the sepulchres
 Careering fires, from which accrued such heat
 That iron for the founder's use requires 120

None greater : and from beneath their lids—which were
 Suspended—issued forth such doleful cries
 As witness'd the abode of tortured souls. ⁴
 When I thus ; ‘ Master, say, what spirits are these
 That buried thus within these vaults disclose 125
 Their presence by these lamentable sighs ?’
 And he thereto ; ‘ Here are the Heresiarchs
 With their adherents of each sect, and far
 More than thou would'st believe the tombs contain.
 Like here with like lie sepulchred for ever : 130
 And different temperatures are found within.’
 He therewith moving towards the right, we pass'd
 Between the torments and the lofty walls.

⁴ The sepulchres referred to in this passage are probably old Roman tombs. The Rhone forms a lake at Arles. Quarnaro is the gulf of that name, which washes the confines of Italy and Croatia.

CANTO X.

Ora sen va.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poets traverse the City of Dis. Dante converses with Farinata degli Uberti, the Ghibelline chief; also with Cavalcante Cavalcanti, a Florentine of the Guelf party, whose son, Guido, was his friend.

THUS while we paced along a narrow way
 Between the land's wall and the torturing fires,
 My Master first, and I close following him,
 'Virtue supreme, who thro' the unhallow'd spheres
 Leadest me as thou willest,' I began ; 5
 'Speak to me, and my longing wish fulfil.
 The spirits couch'd within the sepulchres—
 Can they be seen ? For I perceive that all
 The lids are raised, and no one keepeth watch.'
 And he replied ; 'They all will be fast shut 10
 When from Jehoshaphat their inmates shall
 Return revested with the bodies which'

They left above.¹ On this side lie interr'd,
 With Epicurus and his followers, all
 Who with the body make the soul to die. 15
 Touching the question which thou askest me,
 Within here thou shalt soon be satisfied :
 So shall that wish which thou unfoldest not.²
 Whence I replied ; ' I do not keep conceal'd
 My thought from thee, kind Guide, save that I may 20
 Speak little, as thou oft hast warnèd me.'
 ' Tuscan, who thro' the fiery city thus
 Rovest alive such sweet speech uttering,
 O stay thy course, and rest awhile with us.
 That voice of thine declareth thee to be 25
 A native of that noble land wherein
 I wrought perhaps with a too troublous hand.'
 Suddenly from among the sepulchres
 Issued this utterance, whereat I clung
 In fear somewhat more closely to my Guide ; 30
 Who said to me ; ' Turn thee : what doest thou ?
 See ! see ! where Farinata stands upright :
 From the waist upward thou may'st him behold.'

¹ That is, after the day of judgment. ' I will gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there.' Joel iii. 2. See also Inf. vi. 95 ; xiii. 103.

² Probably the wish to see Farinata, already mentioned in Canto vi.

I had already fix'd my gaze on him ;
 And he appear'd with breast and brow uprear'd, 35
 As holding Hell itself in high disdain.
 Promptly and resolutely the Master then
 Thrust me between the sepulchres to him ;
 And thus he added ; ' Let thy speech be plain.'³
 Soon as I came before his tomb, a while 40
 At me he gazed, and then with lips of scorn
 Demanded thus ; ' What ancestry was thine ?'
 I, who was all desirous to obey,
 Conceal'd them not, but straight unfolded all ;
 Whence he his eye-brows somewhat raised, and then 45
 Forthwith made answer ; ' Fiercely opposed were they
 To me, and to my kith, and to my party :³
 Once and again I drave them forth !' ' If they
 Were driven forth, yet did they from all parts
 Return,' I answer'd swift, ' once and again ! 50
 But yours it seems have yet that art to learn.'
 Then rose there to the view—but not beneath
 The chin disclosed—near where he stood—the shade
 Of one who seem'd to rest upon his knees.⁴

³ 'The ancestors of Dante, and Dante himself, were Guelfs. He did not become a Ghibelline till after his banishment.' Longfellow.

⁴ Cavalcante Cavalcanti.

Round me he gazed a while, as tho' he were 55
 Intent to know if any came with me :
 But, when his surmise was all spent, with tears
 He thus exclaim'd ; ' If thro' this prison-house
 Thou goest by loftiness of mind, O say—
 My son—where is he ? and wherefore not with thee ?' 60
 To whom I answer'd ; ' Of myself I come not,
 But led by him who tarries there—one whom
 Perhaps thy Guido⁵ held in light esteem.'
 His language and his mode of punishment
 Already had reveal'd to me his name ; 65
 Whence my response was thus complete. Thereon
 Suddenly to his feet he sprang, and cried ;
 ' How said'st thou "*held* in light esteem ?" Lives he
 Not then ? Falls not Heaven's blessed light upon
 His eyes ?' When he was conscious of some slight 70
 Delay that intervned before I made
 Response, he fell back, and was seen no more.
 But he of stronger mind, at whose request
 I linger'd, neither changed his countenance,
 Nor moved his neck, nor from his state inclined. 75

⁵ Guido Cavalcanti was more addicted to philosophy than to poetry. And, as a Gueff, he would naturally be hostile to the teaching of Virgil, the poet of the Empire.

'And if,' said he, his former speech renewing,
 'They have but ill acquired that art of thine,
 More than this fiery couch that thought torments me.
 But ere the face of her who ruleth here ⁶
 Hath been refill'd with light the fiftieth time, 80
 Thou shalt behold what progress they have made.
 And—so may'st thou to the sweet world return—
 Say for what cause that state ⁷ in all its laws
 Pursues my people with such rancorous hate?'
 Whence I replied; 'The slaughter, and the great 85
 Havoc, that dyed with crimson Arbia's waters, ⁸
 Are not forgotten in our temples yet.' ⁹
 Then heaved he a deep sigh, and shook his head,
 And 'I was not alone in that,' he said;
 'Nor without cause moved I with the others then: 90
 But there ¹⁰ I was alone, where 'twas by all
 Consented to raze Florence to the ground:
 'Twas I defended her before them all.'

⁶ 'The moon, called in the heavens Diana, on earth Luna, and in the infernal regions Proserpina.' Longfellow.

⁷ Florence.

⁸ The battle of Monte Aperto, near the river Arbia, in which the Guefs were routed by the Ghibellines, who were commanded by Farinata.

⁹ Prayers for deliverance from the Uberty were offered up in the Churches of Florence. Public deliberations were held in the Churches. Either of these facts may have been referred to in this line.

Again I spake ; ' So may thy people find
 Repose in other days—resolve for me 95
 This doubt, which wraps me in a wildering maze :
 It seems, if I hear rightly, that you see
 Beforehand that which time brings on with it,
 While of things present you are unaware ?'
 ' We see, as those who have defective sight,' 100
 He answer'd, ' things which are from us remote :
 So much of light the sovran Lord vouchsafes.
 When they are near, or present, vanish'd quite
 Is that foreknowledge ; and, unless inform'd,
 We have no knowledge of your actual state. 105
 Whence easily thou may'st infer that all
 Our power of knowing will expire, when once
 The portal of futurity is closed.'
 Then for my negligence¹¹ contrition feeling
 I said ; ' Now speak to him who there lies fallen, 110
 And say his son is yet among the living :
 And if before I linger'd in replying,
 Tell him that I was mentally revolving
 This doubt, which thy solution has resolved.'

¹⁰ At the diet of the Ghibellines assembled, after the battle of Monte Aperto, by Guido Novello at Empoli.

¹¹ In not answering Cavalcante's question contained in v. 69.

And now to me I heard the Master calling ; 115
 Whence I besought the spirit with more haste
 To tell me who were prison'd in the vaults.
 And he replied ; ' More than a thousand here
 Are placed : here lies the second Frederick ;¹² there
 The Cardinal :¹³ I speak not of the rest.' 120
 This said, he vanish'd : I thereon towards
 The Bard my steps retraced, pondering the while
 That mystic speech¹⁴ which seem'd to threaten ill.
 Onward he moved, and, as we paced along,
 This question put to me ; ' Wherefore art thou 125
 So lost in thought ? ' I his request fulfill'd.
 ' Let thy mind treasure up that which the spirit
 Reveal'd against thyself,' enjoin'd the sage,
 And here ' Attend ' he said, with hand uplifted.
 ' When thou shalt rest beneath the radiant vision 130
 Of her, whose bright eye seëth all things, thou
 Wilt hear from her all thy life's pilgrimage.'

¹² Frederick II., grandson of Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, and King of Naples and Sicily.

¹³ Cardinal Ottaviano Ubaldini, called ' the Cardinal ' on account of his great influence. All these persons, viz., Farinata, Cavalcante, Frederick II., and Cardinal Ubaldini, held Epicurean opinions.

¹⁴ Farinata's prediction in v. 79-St.

He therewith turning to the left hand, we left
The wall ; then 'mid the tombs in haste we wended
Along a path which strikes upon a valley, 135
Whose noxious fumes ev'n to that height ascended.

1

2

3

4

CATALOGUE OF
STANDARD & POPULAR MODERN BOOKS,
PUBLISHED OR SOLD BY
BICKERS AND SON,
1, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

~~~~~

\*.\* *Although many of the Books are offered at less than half their published prices, they are warranted clean and perfect, and the same as if purchased at the full price.*

THE STANDARD LIBRARY EDITION.



SHAKESPEARE'S Plays and Poems. Edited, with a scrupulous Revision of the Text, but without Note or Comment, by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. With an Introductory Essay and Copious Glossary. In Four Handsome Library 8vo Volumes, elegantly printed on toned paper, cloth gilt, 1l. 11s. 6d.; calf extra, 2l. 2s.

\*.\* This splendid edition of Shakespeare's Works is copyright, having been carefully revised and amplified by Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke. The Text is selected with great care, and is printed from a new fount of ancient type on toned paper, forming four handsome volumes, bound in cloth extra, calf, calf extra, russia, or in the best morocco with appropriate tooling.

Cowden Clarke's Shakespeare. The above Text, with Life and excellent Glossary, arranged on the Plan of a Concordance, giving not only the meanings of doubtful words, but also a complete Index to all the passages in which they are to be found. In 1 vol. royal 8vo, with very clear type on toned paper. Portrait after Droeshout, bound in gilt cloth, 12s.; calf extra, 15s.

\*.\* This edition is also kept richly bound in morocco, gilt leaves, with broad gilt borders on side, and Shakespeare's arms stamped in centre, forming a most charming and elegant gift book.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

"There never was an author who required less note or comment than Shakespeare, and who could so completely satisfy the wisest of men, while not rising beyond the comprehension of the most dull."—*Times*, Sept. 29th, 1863.

"Messrs. Bickers and Son have done a service to those good souls who love to read Shakespeare, but shrink from the quarrels and personalities of his commentators, by printing Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke's edition of the poet. We have already spoken in high terms of this work. It is an edition without notes, commentaries, or explanations. The text is selected with due care, is handsomely printed on good paper, and the four volumes are strongly bound. *The general reader cannot want a better copy of Shakespeare.*"—*Athenaeum*.

"The great pains which Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke have bestowed upon the study of Shakespeare's dramatic works make them in every way qualified for the task which they have undertaken, and the present edition deserves to be regarded in every respect as a standard one. It is indeed a true 'Tercentenary' edition of the 'poet of all time.'"—*Observer*.

"This edition is well calculated for pleasant popular reading, and to inspire delightful conceptions of the poet's genius in that numerous class who can enjoy 'rapture complete' without stopping every minute 'to ask how they feel it, or why it is so sweet.'"—*Morning Post*.

"This edition is entirely without notes—no little recommendation in these days of over-editing. There is, however, a copious Glossary, which is really as much as any intelligent and appreciative reader will require. The time may come when every reader of Shakespeare will be, to a certain extent, his own editor; and the difficulties arising out of the early and original copies almost demand this . . . The immense difficulty of making up one's mind upon disputed passages can only be estimated by those who undertake the task of decision."—*Bookseller*.

"This edition is distinguished by an admirable chronological table of the poet's life, by an index, verbal and sentential glossary (the fullest we have ever seen), by the reprint of Shakespeare's will, and of the dedication and addresses prefixed to the folio of 1623. The text is carefully revised, and the publishers have enshrined it in clear and beautiful letterpress. We heartily recommend this rare Tercentenary offering."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

**The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines, in a Series of Fifteen Tales, by MARY COWDEN CLARKE.** 3 vols. square crown 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt leaves, 10s. 6d. (published at 18s.)

The design has been to trace the probable antecedents in the history of some of Shakespeare's women; to imagine the possible circumstances and influence of scene, event, and associate, surrounding the infant life of his heroines, which might have conducted to originate and foster those germs of character recognised in their maturity, as by him developed; to conjecture what might have been the first imperfect dawnings of that which he has shown us in the meridian blaze of perfection; and it was believed that such a design would combine much matter of interesting speculation, afford scope for pleasant fancy, and be productive of entertainment in the various narratives."—*Extract from Preface*.

**George Herbert's Poetical Works.** New and beautiful edition; together with "The Synagogue," by C. Harvey, and Introduction by J. Nichol, B.A. The Text edited by Charles Cowden Clarke; numerous elegant head and tail pieces. 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; calf antique, 7s. 6d.; morocco elegant, 9s.

*A unique edition of Bunyan's Emblems.*

**John Bunyan's Divine and Moral Emblems; or, Temporal Things Spiritualised.** Illustrated with 49 quaint and characteristic Engravings, numerous Head and Tail Pieces, Initial Letters, &c. Fcap. 8vo, cloth elegant, 2s. 6d. (published at 5s.); or in calf antique, red edges, 5s. 6d.

\*.\* This curious and valuable little work had almost slipped from human memory, and had escaped the attention of publishers for nearly a century. It has now been reproduced from an old edition published in 1767.

*A Reprint of Pickering's Famous Edition.*

**The Poetical and Prose Works of John Milton.** Carefully reprinted from the Author's Original Copies. Including a Facsimile of the Agreement for the Sale of "Paradise Lost" to Samuel Symmons for the sum of 20*l.*; together with a Pedigree of the Family of Milton; and a complete History of the Poet's Life by the Rev. John Mitford. 8 vols. 8vo, cloth, 4*l.* 4s.; calf extra, gilt, 5*l.* 15s. 6d.; or elegantly bound in the best French morocco, 8*l.* 8s.

\*.\* The Poet's own peculiar orthography and punctuation have been carefully preserved, and every care has been exercised to render this the most attractive, as it is the most complete, Edition extant. It is printed in a fine large ancient type, and upon thick toned paper; and whether judged as a specimen of printing and typography, or as an evidence of the ability and perseverance of the Editor, it will be found one of the most perfect books ever issued to the public.

*"Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book."*

**The Book of Common Prayer, with the Psalter, and latest alterations, and finely executed Woodcut Borders round every page, exactly copied from "Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book," and comprising Albert Dürer's "Life of Christ," Holbein's "Dance of Death," "The Cardinal Virtues," &c.** Crown 8vo, cloth, uncut, 9s. 6d. (published at 21s.); cloth extra, gilt, 10s. 6d.; calf antique, 14s. 6d.; morocco plain, gilt edges, 17s. 6d.; or best morocco antique, 25s.

\*.\* This singularly curious edition of the Common Prayer Book of our Established Church is worthy of special notice. The borders surrounding each page are in imitation of celebrated missals of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, including wood engravings of Albert Dürer's "Life of Christ," Holbein's "Dance of Death," with Scriptural Quotations and Proverbs in the margin; also quaint woodcut borders of fruit and flowers, and full length Portrait of Queen Elizabeth kneeling at prayer. Copies in rich and tastefully finished bindings are constantly kept in stock.

*A handsome present for ages.*

**Gray's Poems.** A unique little edition, printed on sugared paper, with beautiful Landscape Illustrations and drawings by Birket Foster, and ornamental head and pieces by Harry Rogers, engraved by Edmund Evans.

In a neat cloth binding, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.; calf extra, gilt, 6s. morocco antique, lettered on side, 8s. 6d.; smooth French morocco best quality, suitably gilt, 9s.

*A highly interesting and instructive volume for Boys.*

**Edgar's Heroes of England: Stories of the Lives of most celebrated Soldiers and Sailors, from Edward Black Prince to the Present Time.** With Illustrations by Steel and a Portrait of General Havelock. 12mo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; calf extra, gilt, 8s.

"While histories of the downfall of kings and revolutions of empires are read with great tranquillity, the lives of particular persons enchain the reader with irresistible interest."—DR. JOHNSON.

**Hewlett's Heroes of Europe.** A Companion Volume to the above. Numerous Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

**Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, the Library Edition,** 3 vols. 8vo cloth, uniform with the "History of the United Netherlands," just completed.

NOTICE.—Only a very few copies remain of this, the best edition of Mr. Motley's Great Work. Gentleman wishing to complete their Sets should apply at once. Price 1*l.* 11s. 6d., carriage paid.

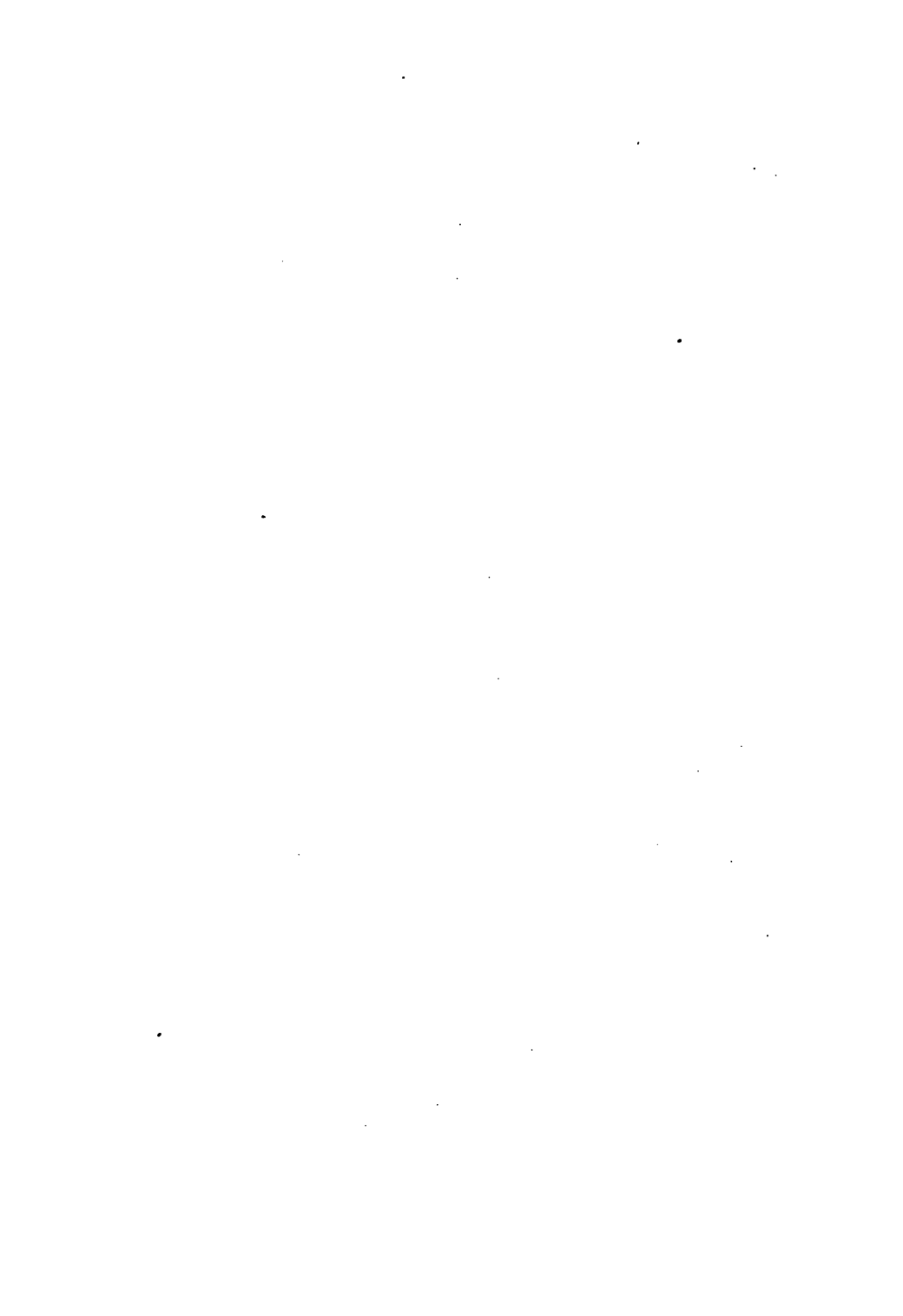
A few Sets of the REPUBLIC and NETHERLANDS bound in 7 vols. 8vo, tree marbled, calf extra, 5*l.* 5s.

**Arabian Nights' Entertainments.** A New Translation from the Arabic. By E. W. Lane. With hundred Wood Engravings from original designs. 3 vols. large 18s. (sells 2*l.* 5s.); tree marbled, calf extra, 32s.

**Alpine Poets.** Bell and Daldy's Edition. With Memoirs and Notes by Dyce, Mitford, Sir H. Nicholas, B. Hooper, Moy Thomas, Morris, and others. Elegantly printed by Whittingham on superior toned paper. With 100 Portraits. Fcap. 8vo in 52 vols., calf elegant, 16*l.*

**A History of the Knights of Malta, or the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.** By Major W. Porter. Plates, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 10s. (published at 1*l.* 12s.); or in calf extra, 15s.





MAY 13 1885

MAY 14 1887

AUG 17 1887

